

THE
Johnson Journal



Commencement, 1935

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LITERARY



AN ADVENTURE

December 24 was a bleak, cold, northeasterly day. Even though it was the heart of New York, the wind blew around the buildings until it almost seemed as if they must fall over. It was in this disturbing atmosphere (for on this kind of day the nerves are all stirred up for something to happen) that I found myself, as so many others have, wishing to experience an exciting adventure. Being young and full of life, a walk in the bracing air appealed to me.

Leaving my book which I was reading (and it certainly was dull. Why, oh, why do books get that way when you want to read most?), I skipped into the hall after my coat. I found it under the table where I had thrown it to get it out of sight when my mother's most particular neighbor came over.

"Oh, what is that cute design on this table?" It turned out to be some ice cream I spilt on it the night before. But I suppose they just have to be cranky.

Coat on, hat in hand, I left the house, slamming the door behind me. I heard a faint remark, "Oh, Mary," as the latter act was accomplished.

It has always been my joy to go walking, so most of New York, for quite a ways, is well known to me. Anxious for excitement, I decided to walk down by the slums which always seemed so repulsive to grown-ups.

As I walked along I whistled my favorite popular song and thought of what I was going to have for

supper. Fried chicken, potatoes, and.....

But I didn't finish the sentence. A cold blast of wind rushed down on me and seemed to whirl me about like a leaf. I pulled my coat closer and thrust my hands deeply into my pockets. I didn't realize it but it must have been getting late. I turned around and this time walked more rapidly towards home. At least I thought it was home. I had walked for fifteen minutes more when I began to realize that things looked unfamiliar. At the next corner I looked at the name of the street. "Ill Luck Street" it read. I shuddered as if it really were unlucky.

Lost! Lost I was. Completely so, with not a soul in sight. I shivered again as it was getting cold and night was coming on. A few snow flakes began to fall. The wind began to moan and the flakes came down harder. I was getting scared. My lips trembled and my mind was a blank. What should I do? I couldn't stay here all night, yet I didn't know how to get out. Numbed with cold I started walking up the street. At every block I turned around feeling that someone was watching me. Stumbling along I came to a small dingy street where previous snows lay dirty and desolate. I stopped a minute as the walls gave refuge from the ever piercing wind.

Almost as I was to give up, a dark figure loomed up. I was about to call to him to ask guidance, but something about his appearance left the words in my mouth. He was a

tall, poorly dressed man with a huge cap pulled far over his face. The coat he wore hung off him as if it detested the feeling of him. Now and then he pulled it tighter as a blast of wind shook his thin frame.

Unconsciously I followed him. He went up one more street and leaned against the door of a repulsive looking grocery. The food was placed unprotected on a bench for the customers to feel over and buy. Two little children half clothed were playing on the cold floor. A cry came from the younger, proclaiming his chilliness.

My attentions were soon changed, however, to the man whom I was following. Another evil-looking man came out of the building and joined the former. He also wore clothes which were markedly not made for him. He looked half starved and his mouth was set in a hard line, no doubt from lack of necessary food. Curiosity had drawn me closer and I drew within hearing distance of them. The first man took something from his pocket.

"How's this for a prize?" he snarled.

And as I looked the cold blue steel of a revolver stared me in the face.

"We may need it, pal," said the latter, and before I could say a word he swung around and said,

"Come out of there and put your hands way up."

Frightened almost to death I walked out with my hands just as far up as they could be.

"Oh, a girl, is it! What do you think you're doing around here? Playing hide and seek? Come on, speak up unless you want a dose of lead."

Swallowing a big lump I stammered. "I wasn't doing anything, honest I wasn't."

"Oh, you wasn't, wasn't you? Then why were you prowling around? Answer that, will you?"

"Yes, I will," I said, as he gave a significant look at his gun. "I was out walking and I got lost, and I saw you and I was going to ask you how to get home only. . . ."

"Yeh! That don't say why you were snooping around us, does it?"

"You scared me," was all I could reply.

"Ho, ho, so I scared you," he replied with the most awful grin I ever saw.

"Well, suppose you come along with us, girlie. We'll see what the boss says about you."

I started to protest, but they dragged me off with them in spite of my struggles. They took me back into the building, up a narrow winding staircase to a smoke filled room of men.

"Hey, boss, here's someone for you," said my captor.

"What? Oh, it's you, is it? What's the matter, girlie? You needn't be afraid."

"Don't," I screamed. I was shaking all over now.

"What's she done, boys?"

"She was following us, boss. I think she's one of the private detective group. They got some kids on there now."

"Well, well, isn't that nice. Do you know what we do with people that spy on us?"

I didn't know, but I didn't want to either.

"Please, sir," escaped feebly from my lips.

"Well," the boss continued, "we tie them up and then. . ."

"O. K., boys, cut," came from a far off corner. A group of men advanced and one clapped me on the back.

"Great work, Betty," he said. Then he looked again. "Why, it isn't Betty. Hey, wait a minute, who are you?"

I was so tongue-tied that I couldn't say anything, but the sight of friendly men gave me courage. "Why, I..."

"She must be what she said she was. We thought she was doing good acting to make up a part of her own, but she thought it was real."

"What are you talking about? Real! Who are these men?" I asked, pointing at my supposed captors.

"Why, we're movie people and we are making a movie with a New York slum setting. Betty, our leading lady, was supposed to play that scene you thought was real but I guess she was late and you got into it without our knowing it. You did swell work. But you were lost. Would you like to go home now?"

"Yes," was my very feeble reply. Phyllis Pearl '38

RESULTS OF NOT BRUSHING TEETH

There was a vacancy where a decayed tooth should have been and he had been standing under the arrow.

Cussing all dentists, he went back to the doorway, but avoided standing under the arrow, and renewed his vigil.

Finally the dentist came and cast a smile on Tom that made him look sick. Weakly he followed him up the stairs and into the office.

Slowly Tom dragged himself into the chair and the dentist drawled the customary, "Open wide."

With a half-hearted moan Tom finally got his mouth open. Then the dentist examined the molar and tested for looseness with a pick.

"M-m-m-m." With the air of one that has discovered an important clue, the dentist walked to the cabinet that contained his tools and clinkingly sorted them out, picking out the ones he needed.

Filling the novocaine needle he approached Tom, who unconsciously opened his mouth, and stuck the needle into Tom's gum. A few minutes later Tom felt as though he didn't have any jaw.

The dentist set aside the needle and with more clinking sorted pliers. Finally he selected a pair that looked to Tom as large as a house.

Approaching Tom with a tread that made Tom's heart go to his feet, the dentist seemed to enjoy his work and flourished the pliers before his victim's face.

With another, "Open wide," he poked the molar with the pliers and asked in a sympathizing voice, "Can you feel anything?"

"Na-a-a-a-a," grunted Tom, nearly choking while doing so.

The dentist smiled and put the pliers on the bothersome tooth and braced himself for the task set before him.

Tom, feeling as uncomfortable as possible, suddenly pushed the dentist's hand up and forgetting himself, muttered miserably, "Never mind. Doc, it don't hurt any more."

"I know it and it never will. It's all over. When you pushed my hand up you pulled out your own tooth."

Thomas Barron '36

DESTINY ACROSS THE STREET

Perhaps it is more fitting to call the hero of this story John Smith, the *nom de plume* of our American citizen. On the first of April, 18—, this John Smith was born on Charles

Street opposite the Mount Hope Cemetery.

It was a great misfortune for John that his parents chose this depressing location to bring up this child of theirs, so different from the rest of their brood, shy, easily frightened and easily panic-stricken. His mother unnecessarily punished him with the threat of confinement in the cemetery where ghosts and green creatures roamed after dark. Each time that John passed the cemetery even during the day, unreasoning terror filled him. His whole life was overshadowed by a terrible fear of the unknown.

John Smith grew to manhood passionately hating the cemetery that had filled his young life with dread. Gradually the ambition to move took root in him but any show of determination was unknown to the meek little man and he offered only weak resolutions to move. The vigorous opposition of his now widowed mother had finally prevented any verbal declarations of this hope, but John cherished the thought until it became an obsession. He continually schemed for a way to escape, weak, fruitless schemes, that fell under the slightest disapproval.

John married after his mother died. His wife grew quickly into a stout, slovenly matron, acquiring the pattern of her shiftless neighbors. Her life contained three interests, dime novels, chocolates and the latest gossip. She was not eager to move. The house and her neighbors suited her. The ever present cemetery failed to disturb her stolidness.

One evening John came home with an air of suppressed excitement. It was his fiftieth birthday and he had determined to face his wife to tell her that they must move. A new settlement was being built near his

place of work and he had rented a house. He broached the subject to his wife and quivering in suspense was startled by her non-committal answer, "You'd better call up the movin' van, then."

John blinked and cleared his throat nervously, "Mm, yes, yes of course." He stumbled dazedly to the wall phone and dialed the Reed moving van service.

"Hello. You move furniture? Oh, yes, why er, I'd like to move. Oh, when? Why er, I should say in about two weeks."

Two weeks later a moving van backed up to his residence and an agile driver jumped down from his perch and looking the drab house over, indifferently pushed the doorbell. After a period during which the truck driver paced up and down the porch expressing his uncomplimentary views of people who take up a busy man's time, the door was opened an inch or so. A fat, slovenly woman, hugging a *True Story* magazine to her bosom, managed to say between bites of a chocolate cream, "What d'ya want?"

"What do I want? Well, aren't ya goin' ta move?"

"Move, move?" she questioned stupidly.

"Yeh, move, take ya furniture to another place. Move!"

"Oh," she said and a crafty look came into her eyes, "Oh yeah, the fellow's moved out already. Yeah, two days ago. Yeah," she laughed. "he's moved all right, right over there, across the street."

Doris Lebel '36

THE RUSSIAN

HEXAGON EMERALD

Old Isaac Rosenberg was sitting in the back of his shop reading a newspaper, his glasses very near the

end of his nose, eyes squinted up, and paper very close to his face. The bell on the front of his shop tinkled faintly, and he advanced behind the show-case with a hopeful smile.

"I see you have a lot of old jewelry and antiques here," said the well-dressed young man who entered. His bearing was confident, and the manner in which he addressed old Isaac was forceful and commanded attention.

"Yes, indeed, I have quite a few odd bits of jewelry. Are you interested in them, sir?"

"To tell you the truth, I wanted a certain kind of jewelry. I am making a collection of Russian emeralds, and I have searched quite extensively for the one which will complete my period. Have you any emeralds at all?" The young man's eyes were searching in the show-case as he spoke.

"Well, I have a few emeralds here set in platinum—but I suppose you wouldn't be as interested in the setting as in the jewel itself," as the young man shook his head, "and here are some others—oh, these are very fine." He spread them out eagerly on top of the show-case.

"No, you see these aren't Russian—they're Chinese. I guess you haven't any here..."

"Oh, but I have others which are in the safe in the back. Just a minute and I will get them," said Isaac, as he carefully put the emeralds he had been showing back in their places. He was gone hardly a minute when he returned with a tightly drawn chamois bag.

"See, these are darker than the others. They're Russian, I'm sure."

"No, they're only of a different cut than the others. These are all you have now?"

"I'm sorry. Something else I

could show you—all kinds of antiques, boxes, tables, tapestries..."

"No, no. I'm only interested in the jewelry. Do you ever buy old pieces of jewelry from people who wish to sell? I should think with this depression we have had, many people would be forced to sell some of their heirlooms."

"Well, it all depends what value it has to me, and whether there is a market for me to sell it again," replied old Isaac, speaking a little warily now as he squinted up at the tall young man.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. If you should get hold of more emeralds some time, could you let me know? If I could get one that was six-sided...ah, I'd pay \$5,000 for a true Russian hexagon emerald! This is my telephone number," said the young man, writing the number on a slip of paper and handing it to old Isaac. Taking up his cane, he strode out of the shop.

"Five thousand dollars," Rosenberg murmured when he was alone. He unfolded the slip of paper and holding it very close to his nose, read the number. "Five thousand dollars! I'll have to get more emeralds somehow."

For days old Isaac went to dealer friends and asked to see their emeralds—not explaining to them the exact purpose of his visit—but he had no luck there. Then one day a young girl came into his shop while he was dusting his precious pieces. She was very small and thin, and had a pale face and very large dark-blue eyes. Her clothing appeared of a good cut, but was shabby and dusty. Quickly she went up to Rosenberg and took a small box out of her worn hand-bag.

"I have some old family jewels here," she said, "which are very dear

to me, but I must get some money in cash. How much will you give me for them?" Her large blue eyes anxiously searched his while he examined the jewels.

There were several pieces of jewelry in the box, most of them not very valuable, obviously dear to her for their sentimental values. But among them was an emerald ring, clear and dark, finely polished, and gleaming in the light from overhead—and it had six distinct sides! Rosenberg drew in his breath sharply, but tried to conceal his excitement by putting on an indifferent air. Again he held the pieces, one by one, up to the light, squinting at them nearsightedly. He examined the emerald the longest—turning it over and over, tapping it here and there with his fingernail. Finally he turned back to the girl.

"I can't give you much for them," he said regretfully, "they're not very valuable."

"Oh, but they are," insisted the girl with a pained look in her eyes, "and not just because they are dear to me. This chain was very expensive when it was bought, I know—and the pearls—and look at this emerald ring, isn't that worth quite a lot of money?"

"Well, I'll give you a thousand for the lot of them, but the emerald is by far the best."

"Of course it is! Why, alone it is worth a thousand dollars! Give me twelve hundred and you can have them all."

"Well, all right, but not a cent more!" He put the jewels back in their box, locked it with the key the girl had given him, and went back to his safe. Peering into the dark interior, he carefully placed the jewels inside, took out a tin box containing bills, and carefully

counted out twelve hundred dollars. These he handed to the girl, and as she put them in her bag, she walked slowly out of the shop.

As soon as she was gone, Isaac rushed back to his telephone and excitedly called up the number that the young man had given him. He told him to come to his shop immediately and bring the money as he had the emerald he wanted—a Russian hexagon emerald!

Within half an hour the young man stood before Rosenberg, asking eagerly to see this six-sided emerald. Isaac gave it to him and awaited his verdict with pounding heart. Just at the crucial moment, as the young man was turning it over, carefully inspecting every minute detail, the telephone trilled shrilly. The shop-keeper impatiently ran to the back room and lifted the receiver and listened. Then he barked into the mouthpiece:

"No, this isn't the lost and found agency on London Street. You have the wrong number."

He rushed eagerly back to find the young man shaking his head and saying, "No, its synthetic. I was so afraid of that, but I had hoped really to have found it at last. I'm sorry."

Isaac snatched the ring and examined it very closely. "Why, what's wrong with it? I don't see anything the matter."

The young man leaned over the counter. "Look here—see this tiny crack? Real emeralds don't crack."

"Where, where? I don't see any crack!"

"Here, look with this," the young man picked up a magnifying glass. "See?"

"Why, I could have sworn it was real! Well, its only a little one,

can't you take it anyhow?" Isaac saw the five thousand dollars flying away on wings as the young man shook his head. "But you can't leave me holding it! I paid a lot for it! You must take it—I bought it for you!"

"I didn't promise to buy any other emerald but the genuine one, but I'll give you fifty dollars for it to help you out."

"Fifty dollars when I paid twelve hundred!"

"I'm just giving you fifty dollars for your trouble, it's worth hardly a cent!"

"All right, all right, I'll take the fifty," said the bewildered Isaac, gazing sadly at the ring which he had thought was real.

A half hour later in an apartment on the other side of the city, a young man put his arms behind his back, and teasingly asked his companion which hand she wanted. She was a small girl, thin and pale, with very large dark-blue eyes. An amused smile lighted her face as she replied laughingly:

"I never gamble at such odds. Did I time it right again?"

The young man opened his hands and disclosed two gleaming emerald rings in his palms.

"Just on the dot. I'll bet you can hardly tell the difference yourself."

"I don't have to," laughed the girl. "By the way, shall we go to Mexico or Canada this time, darling?"

Barbara S. Mason '36

VENGEANCE

Avon Ceves lay dying on his narrow hospital cot, a bullet through his left kidney. A hard man, cynical, about twenty, (still a mere youngster) with coarse, bold features. His eyes constantly shifting,

flitted about him, taking in the entire room and the heavily armed officer beside him. A sudden wave of pain swept his wracked body and brain and he was reminded of what had gone before.

It had been so simple! The payroll was in town; the bank, a cheap, flimsy affair, had appeared asleep. His leaving home...gun in pocket...his casual sauntering into the bank...the quick, fierce "Stick 'em Up"...the rat of a cashier had reached for a gun...then had let him have it!...running in the alley...pockets empty...breath sobbing in choking spasms...must get away!...heavy footsteps behind...flash of guns...ah God!...a stabbing pain in his stomach...darkness.

When he woke up he was here. Oh! Well, who cares, I die anyway. That cashier, I saw him get it square, and they're telling me my only chance to live is by the help of a Dr. John Law, what a joke! Hah!

Meanwhile, two flights up Dr. John Law sat in his office thinking hopeless thoughts. "He's gone, a hard, faithful, twenty three years' work of my life, snuffed out by a gutter rat of a gunman. It is much better that his mother didn't live. Only yesterday he was telling me how well he was doing in the bank, only promoted this week. All my love, hope, anguish, hard work, wasted! And the pity of it. My son! Oh! God! why was I born?"

Dr. John Law cast his eyes desperately upwards trying vainly to escape from his depressing thoughts. A slim man of perhaps forty-five, he slumped in his chair, his long agile hands clasping his forehead. His dark clothes were disarranged, his eyes chilled from their usual piercing intensity to a seeming lifelessness.

"I was to be at his wedding, three weeks from now. I wonder how she is taking it? He had had his money saved, house bought and furnished; and I had dreamed of grandchildren for my old age. And the irony of it! I, I am the only one to save the man who took my son's life! Me!"

"Dr. Law, Dr. Law," called a young interne, "the operating room is ready for the operation. Shall we have the patient wheeled in or aren't you ready to operate yet?"

Dr. Law stood stock still, like a granite statue, his heart pounding with the force of a triphammer, his head bursting with the thoughts that shoved each other into his brain. "His son!" The Bible says, "A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye." A little slip of the knife, a momentary trembling of those skilled fingers of his, that would be all! The shock had unnerved him. A crime to ask him to operate! Yes! Yes! But his reputation...his standing in the eyes of his neighbors. He could hear them talking even now. "Yes, that's him, Dr. Law. His son was killed in a bank robbery. The man who did the killing was wounded, Dr. John Law operated...the man died! Well, what do you think?"

Slowly he moved, his mind was now firmly made up. He called in a faint, trembling voice and asked that the patient be moved to the operating theater. He staggered into the room and stared at his patient. The gas had not been applied.

He now, with firm measured tread, stalked up to his task and examined the man closely. The man under the urge of those impelling eyes, slowly opened his eyes and brazenly gasped through his pain, "Hello, Doc, how's tricks?" Dr. Law made no attempt to reply and no motion.

Then calmly he stepped back and with steady precise hands began yanking on his rubber gloves. There was no outward sign of emotion excepting that one of his gloves ripped in half and was calmly thrown aside.

He then moved to the side of the operating table and with an utterly indifferent, stolid face, ordered in a blank monotone, "Apply gas, switch on lights."

The room now presented an orderly appearance, while white coated internes and nurses around quietly increased the air of solemnity. The only sound was of the hissing of gas over the patient's mouth and nose. Rows of shining steel instruments lying in arranged rows, glittered from the powerful arc lights overhead. There was an intense hush reigning in the room. Dr. Law seized an instrument fiercely, as if to plunge it into the man's heart, but gently he lowered it and began to operate. Slowly, but steadily, the firm flesh was being opened, deeper and deeper. A great bustle now filled the room, nurses staunching blood...soaked, red, cloth sponges...the relentless fingers of the surgeon moving, penetrating deeper...deeper...internes cleaning instruments...the figure in white on the table...silent.

There was a flicker in the great room, when suddenly the whole hospital was plunged into gloom, solid and impenetrable darkness. What's the trouble? The operating arcs operate independently from the hospital lighting system. And while these speculations are being made, there is frenzied action...the man on the table will die if not immediately saved...bleed to death...are there no lights!...hard thoughts are permeating the minds of men

now...they know...this man is a murderer...being saved by the father of the murdered man...just a slip now, nobody will ever know...intentional or unintentional... Ah, there is some light, the flickering of a candle...a flashlight.

The man is still alive, will he remain alive? Dr. Law seemed to hesitate, then he picked up a pair of forceps and a scalpel and thrust down into the gaping wound...now is the time...twist, and he is dead...The hand slowly worked, and started to emerge slowly and brought forth to light the bullet...the figure groaned and moved, very faintly. Then Dr. Law turned wearily, and despairingly muttered to his associates in a choked voice the words, "He'll live!"

LeRoy Duncan '36

"DAY IS DONE"

The rainbow flush of the setting sun,
Warns the earth that day is done;
Tired workers kneel down to pray
And thank God for the livelong day.

Soon the children stop their play
And on their knees to Mary pray,
Beseeching her to help them repent,
So they also to heaven shall be sent.

The sun beneath the clouds will fold
Beneath a bed of crimson and gold;
Thus the setting of the sun,
Warns the earth that day is done.

Katherine Daw '35

THE TIME AND PLACE FOR NAIL POLISH

In a recent class decision it was decided that nail polish should not

be worn by the high school girl, the college girl or, as a matter of fact, anyone who has to work for a living.

Of course, there will be people who will come back with the statement, "Society demands it." This is true, but society can and knows when, to wear it. People in society very seldom have anything to do but take care of themselves. Therefore it is perfectly all right for them to use it. Also people in society go to social functions at which nail polish looks all right.

But it is a different thing when a high school girl appears at school with her nails all painted a vivid red or orange. In fact it almost looks as bad as coming to school in a long flowing evening gown and fancy silver sandals. A person looks just as much out of place.

The moment you see a person's nails painted, with high colored nail polish, what is the next thing you look for? Don't you look to see whether she has pretty nails, and whether they are well kept? Often the person who paints her nails, is the one who hasn't good looking finger nails. Or else right under the nail there is a thick crust of dirt. What a disappointment to meet your eye!

Don't you think it would be much better to see a set of well kept finger nails, minus finger nail polish, than to meet the disappointment of seeing ten ugly, dirty, ill kept nails? But, if a person must use nail polish, why not use the natural shade, which looks more human than these paints of red and orange?

Beatrice Binns '35



ATHLETICS



BASEBALL

Due to financial conditions it was at first dubious whether Johnson High would be able to extend its laurels to the diamond this year. But through the co-operation of the American Legion, the townspeople nobly responded with necessary funds, to make it possible for Coach Mitchell to arrange a curtailed schedule of seven games.

The team this year bids fair to have a successful season, under the captaincy of Frank McEvoy. With good material from last year's team, Coach Mitchell has arranged a hard-hitting and flashy fielding combination that is bound to "go places."

On May 13, Johnson opened its season against its old rival, Punchard. McEvoy of Johnson and Hurley of Punchard both pitched four-hit ball. But Johnson played a heads-up ball, capitalizing on Punchard's miscues to take their opponents into camp, 5-4.

On May 17, Johnson took on the powerful aggregation from Chelmsford. The game was closely matched throughout. Chelmsford, however, by virtue of an eighth inning rally emerged the victor, 4-2.

Johnson visited Brooks School May 20, and engaged in a slugfest to win 13-8. The Johnson team showed its hitting prowess by slapping out thirteen runs in the first three frames, displaying some long smashes. They then settled back and coasted through the remainder of the game, while Hickingbotham, Kasheta and McEvoy twirled in turn to hold the Brooks boys at bay.

Scores to date:

Johnson	5	Punchard	4
Johnson	2	Chelmsford	4
Johnson	13	Brooks	3
Johnson	2	Methuen	6
Johnson	2	Chelmsford	7
Johnson	1	Punchard	2
Johnson	1	Methuen	0

CHAT



TER

GRADUATION HONORS ANNOUNCED

Highest honors this year go to Thomas Ceplikas who has been chosen Valedictorian of the Class of 1935. Second and third honors

go respectively to Leonard Windle, Salutatorian, and to Alison Pitkin, Essayist. Arthur Olson, the President of the Senior Class, was given the honor by his classmates of presenting the Class Oration. Graduation exercises will be held June 26.

CLASS SUPPER

On June 11 the annual Junior-Senior Reception was held in the School Auditorium. The evening began with a supper served by Harry C. Foster. Following the banquet the Class Will, Prophecy, and History were delivered by Arthus Aaronian, Vincent Miller, and Elaine Eldredge, respectively, and were the cause of much mirth. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Music was provided by Valentine's orchestra.

DEPARTURE FROM PRECEDENT

It has been the custom of the *Johnson Journal* to include graduation parts in the June issue. The staff is departing from precedent this year for two reasons. All graduation parts will be printed in the 1935 yearbook. So much excellent literary material has been submitted since the last issue that the staff wants to publish as much of that as possible. On behalf of the entire student body, the *Journal* sincerely wishes the graduating class happiness and success.

"BON VOYAGE"

The operetta "Bon Voyage" was presented by the Glee Club of Johnson High School under the supervision of May Clare Leach and Mildred Schruender in Stevens Hall, Friday evening, May 24. Johnson High extends its congratulations to all who helped to make this operetta an outstanding success. It is something which will be remembered by all.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Neal Standish, Scion of a Boston
Back Bay Family Herbert Barwell
Larry O'Connell, Neal's Buddy
Leroy Duncan
Mary Walsh, Neal's Aunt
Elizabeth Atkinson

Priscilla Standish, Neal's Mother
Virginia Driver
Patricia Galloway Helen McCarthy
Andre Maurois, the artist Rene Richard
Madame Pietri, proprietor of a
modiste shop John Beanland
Vivian, the girl from England
Mildred Bara
Margaritta, the girl from Spain
Isabelle Phelan
Gretchen, the girl from Holland
Lillian Robertson
Babette, the girl from France
Blanche Barwell
Dolcia, the girl from Italy Allison Kirk
Tony, the Italian Organ-man
Arthur Aaronian
The Toreador Henry Camire
Chorus—Members of the Glee Club

DANCERS

BON VOYAGE CHORUS: Mary Thompson, Lily Ackroyd, Lorraine Clifford, Priscilla Lewis, Rita McDonald, Marie Doiron, Frances Campbell, Margaret Copperwaite.

DUTCH DANCE: Pearl Donnelly, Marcella Costello, Velma Lynch, Annette Silverstein, Catherine Lefebvre, Rita Roche, Elfreda Withee.

MODELS: Blanche Barwell, Rosemary Cashman, Carolyn Barker.

USHERS: Isabelle Fenton, Arline McEvoy, Marguerite Phelan, Marjorie Andrews.

Publicity Manager: Arthur Payne.

Stage Manager: Clifford Johnson.

CURRENT EVENTS AWARD

George Flanagan made the highest grade in Johnson High School in the fourth annual news examination conducted by *The Scholastic*, a nation-wide high school weekly. As a prize he received a fountain pen.

CHEMISTRY CLUB CONTEST

Recently, the Chemistry Club announced that it would offer a money prize, to be given to the highest ranking in a chemistry test held on June 3. This contest has caused much interest on the part of the competitors and all are eager to hear the name of the winner announced on the eve of graduation.

COMMERCIAL WINNERS

One Saturday the cream of the crop of our commercial students went to Lynn and made a splendid showing in the contests held there. In Senior Stenography Mary Roche won first place. In Second Year Type-

writing Alison Kirk secured second place and Stella Ringalo tallied a third. Evelyn Sauvageot outclassed all competitors in the First Year Typewriting Group and took first place while Phyllis Pearl received second place.



EXCHANGES



POWER GALORE

I never wait for lights to change,
I run and trust to luck,
I like to stand squashed in between
An Austin and a truck.

It gives me such a sense of power,
Not easy to explain,
To make the little Austin spurt,
The Mack truck act profane!

Taken from *Lasell Leaves*
Lasell Junior College
Auburndale, Mass.

THE GARDEN

The old-fashioned flowers nodded and courtesied as in an old-fashioned square dance. Haughty white lilies, chaste and pure as when they were first kissed by the golden rays of the sun, nodded condescendingly to the smiling marigolds across the shell-studded path. Brilliant red passion flowers gayly flaunted their creed in a shocking, immodest manner...or so thought the violets as they lowered

their embarrassed heads to the earth.

Taken from *Lasell Leaves*
Lasell Junior College
Auburndale, Mass.

A MUSICAL TALE

Puddin' Head Jones and *Sweet Sue* did *Shuffle off to Buffalo* to see *Little Orphan Annie*. When they got there, *Black-Eyed Susan Brown* said, "*Ain't Cha Glad Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More?*" It's the *Talk of the Town*, but *Don't Blame Me*." So *Puddin' Head Jones* and *Sweet Sue* walked the *Sidewalks of New York*. When they had gone a short distance *Puddin' Head Jones* exclaimed, "*Oh I've Lost My Fraternity Pin*."

Sweet Sue's answer was "*Oh, You Know I Just Couldn't Take It*, so *Don't Blame Me*."

Later the friends started homeward singing *Happy Days Are Here Again*.

Taken from "The Meteor"
Berlin High School
Berlin, New Hampshire



ALUMNI NOTES



Gerald W. Curren, 1929, at Northeastern University, is a member of the Student Council, President of the

Lawrence Club, and Editor of Fraternity Paper.

Robert J. McGuirk is on the Dean's

list at the University of New Hampshire.

Daniel A. Balavich has been awarded the Porter L. Newton Scholarship at Massachusetts State.

Arthur Page Phillips received a Freshman Competitive Scholarship for 1934-1935 at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Milford Bottomley, who is now at home, has recently completed his third year at the University of Illinois.

Blanche Downing, Class of 1934, has been awarded a competitive four year scholarship at Tufts College. This scholarship amounts to \$600.



Miss Clara Chapman: "Which combination dissolves gold the quickest?"

Student: "The marriage combination."

She (receiving the class pictures): "Do these portraits do me justice?"

He (unthinking): "I'm afraid they do."

Boxing Instructor (after first lesson): "Now have you any questions to ask?"

Vincent Miller (dazed): "Yes. How much is your correspondence course?"

"Father, did Edison make the first talking-machine?"

"No, my son, God made the first talking-machine, but Edison made the first one that could be cut off."

"I thought your secretary was blonde?"

"She was, but she's gone off the Gold Standard."

"Were you annoyed because I sharpened a pencil with your razor?" asked the attractive wife.

"Twice," replied the patient husband. "After I had given up trying to shave, I tried to write with the pencil."

One reason why romance lasted longer in the old days was because a bride looked much the same after washing her face.

Scotchman: "This London's a fine toon. There's free parks with free music, free museums, free picture galleries, and in the restaurant where I get my dinner I'm always coming across a threepenny bittee hidden under the plate as a surprise."

Beanland: "Hey, Cep, how do you like my new hat?"

Ceplikas: "Fine, but doesn't it fatigue your cartilaginous tissues?"

Beanland: "Huh?"

Ceplikas: "Don't your ears get tired?"

Visitor: "What was your mummy's name before she was married?"

Young Innocence: "I think it must have been 'Savoy.' That's the name on our towels."

Miss Chapman (to Smith in the Physics Class): "Smith, what causes a flat tire?"

Smith: "I dunno, unless it's a fork in the road."

Miss Chapman (in Science Class): "Where do all bugs go in the winter?"

One of those Freshmen: "Search me."

Miss Chapman: "No thanks. I just wanted to know."

Miss Hatch: "Miller, how would you punctuate this sentence: 'A pretty girl, walking down the street, turned a corner just as I saw her.'?"

Miller (with enthusiasm): "I'd make a dash after her."

Payne: "My father is an Elk, a Moose, a Lion, and an Eagle."

Gabys: "How much does it cost to see him."

Champion: "Miss Chapman, can a boy be punished for something he hasn't done?"

Miss Chapman: "Why, I guess not; why do you ask?"

Champion (meekly): "I haven't done my physics problems."

Aaronian: "Boy, I'm so fast I work on a water cooled typewriter with an asbestos pad beneath it."

Miss Cook to Bennett: "What would Washington have done if Lafayette had not answered his call?"

Bennett: "I suppose he'd have waited in the telephone booth and got his money back."

Motor cop: "So, you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"

Mr. Hayes: "I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the reciprocal of the digits reversed."

Flannigan: "When you sleep, your forehead reminds me of a story."

Champion: "What story? Sleeping Beauty?"

Flannigan: "No. Sleepy Hollow."

Beanland (showing a stranger from England around): "Yes, sir, it is a swell place."

Stranger (looking at cranberries): "What are these?"

Beanland: "Cranberries."

Stranger: "Are they good to eat?"

Beanland: "Good! Say they make better applesauce than prunes do."

Gesing: "I'm just a poor boy trying to get ahead."

Miss Cook: "That's fine. You certainly need one."

Notice in a church: "Worshippers who intend to put buttons in the collection are requested to give their own and not pull them off the hassocks."

"Willie, give the definition of home."

Willie: "Home is where part of the family waits until the others are through with the car."

Miss Kelley: "Now, Kasheta, what are you doing—learning something?"

Kasheta: "No, sir; I'm only listening to you."

During an oral examination: "How many ears has a cat?" queried the professor.

"Two," replied the lad instantly.

"And how many eyes has a cat?"

"Two."

"And how many legs has a cat?"

"Say, Doc," asked the boy, "didn't you ever see a cat?"

Miss Cook: "How did you come to give this boy's paper 101 per-cent? Don't you know that nothing can be more perfect than 100 per-cent?"

Miss Curley: "Yes, but this boy answered one question we didn't ask."

Aaronian: "What did your father say when you smashed the new car?"

Olson: "Shall I leave out the swear words?"

Red: "Yes, of course."

Olson: "He didn't say a word."

"Did the patent medicine you purchased cure your aunt?"

"Mercy, no. On reading the circular that was wrapped around the bottle she got two more diseases."

The Scotch patient was fumbling in his pocket, "You don't need to pay me in advance," said the dentist.

"I'm no going to," was the reply, "I'm only counting ma money before you give me the gas."

Bather (to old negro sitting on bank): "Sam, there are no sharks in here, are there?"

Sam: "No, suh."

Bather: "Are you sure?"

Sam: "Yas, suh. De alligator done chased them all away."

Neighbor: "Where's your brother, Freddie?"

Freddie: "Aw, he's in the house playing a duet. I finished my part first."

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